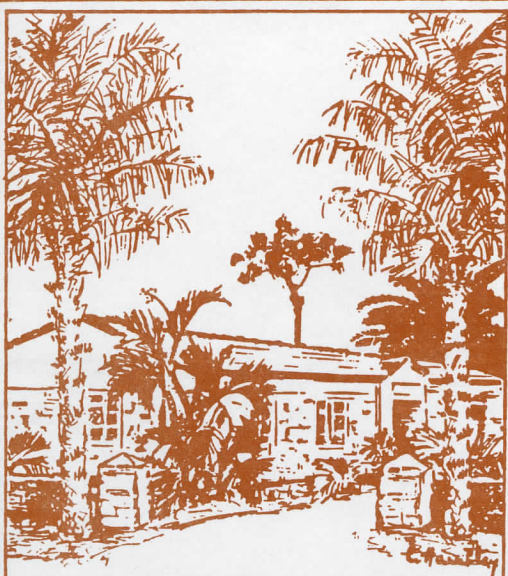


ALLISON ARMOUR

*AND THE*

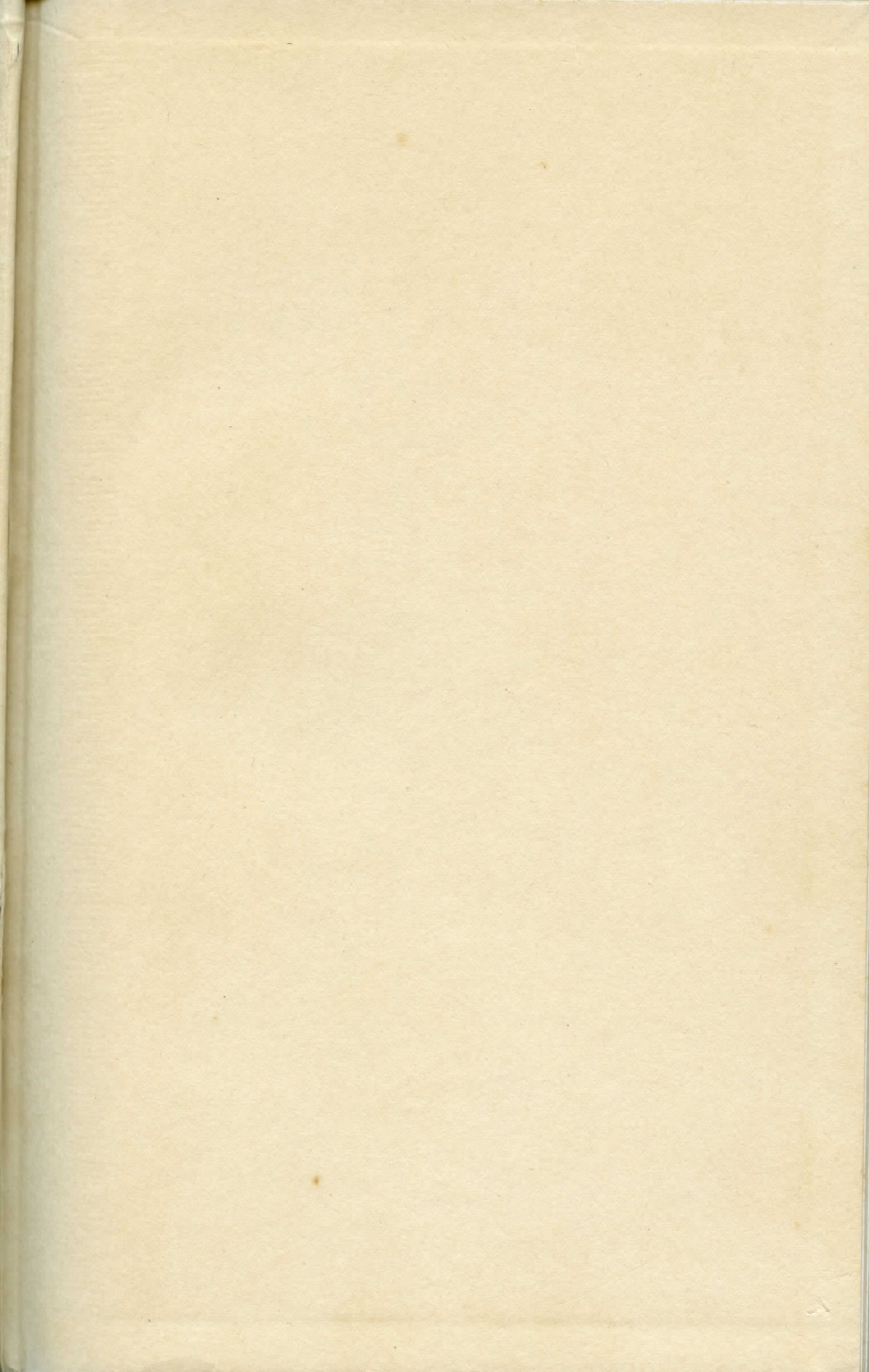
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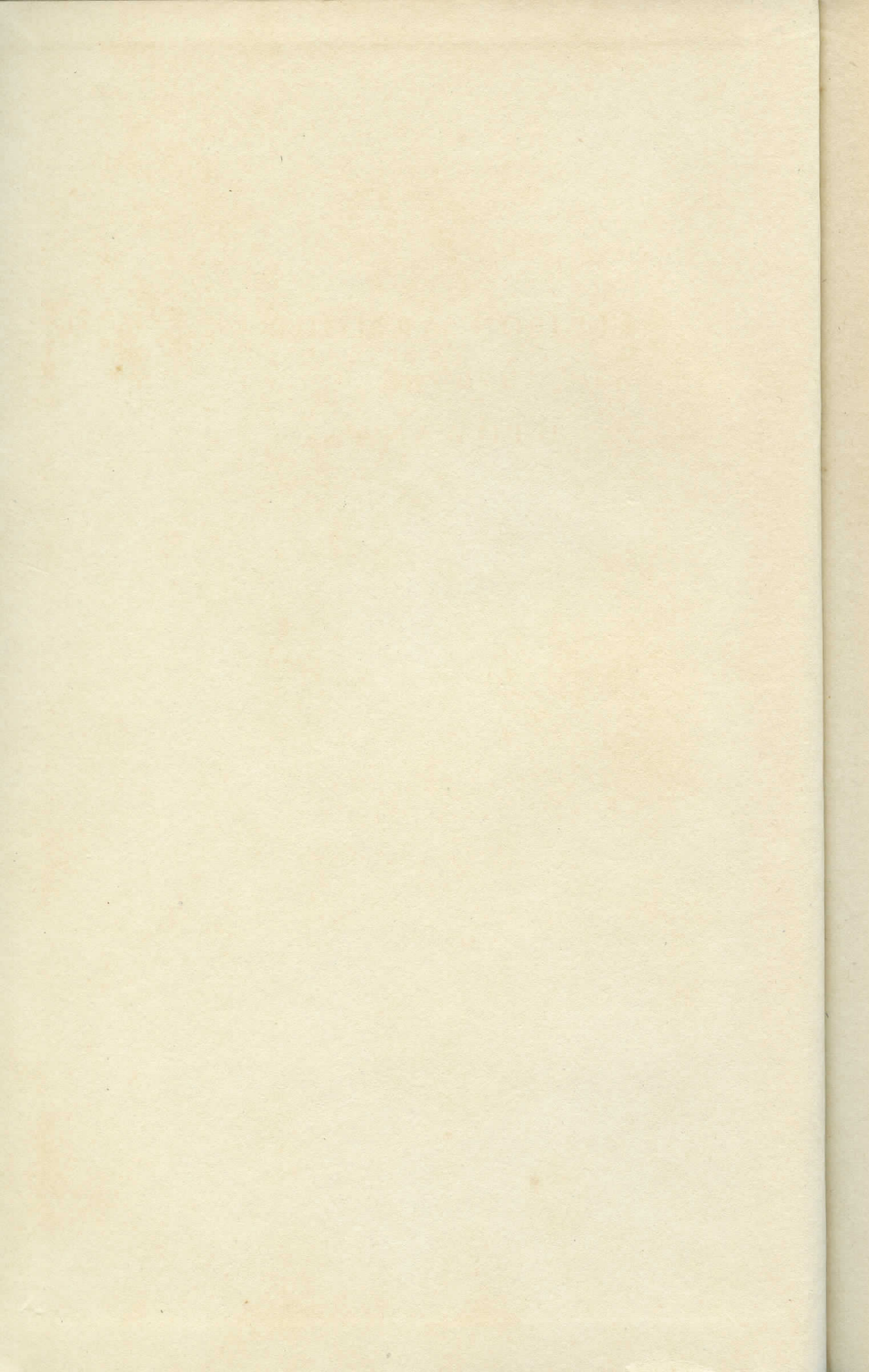
By T. Barbour



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ALLISON ARMOUR .  
*AND THE*  
UTOWANA



A. V. A. and T. B. on the deck of the Utowana



From the author B.



ALLISON ARMOUR

AND THE

UTOWANA

By T. Barbour

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AN APPRECIATION OF  
ALLISON VINCENT ARMOUR AND OF  
THE SERVICES WHICH HE RENDERED TO THE SCIENCES  
OF ARCHAEOLOGY, BOTANY, AND ZOOLOGY

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## ALLISON ARMOUR

*AND THE*

## UTOWANA

WHERE I first met Allison is not quite clear in my mind. I know it was very many years ago. I think our meeting occurred at the Cosmos Club in Washington in about 1910 or 1911. As I remember it he was with a friend of both of us, Dr. William Henry Holmes, then Head Curator of Anthropology at the United States National Museum.

I had first met Holmes in 1908, when we chanced to be travelling together from Buenos Aires over the Andes on our way as delegates to the first International Zoological Congress at Santiago in Chile. I remember that we rode together on the cow-catcher of the locomotive as our train mounted from Mendoza to Puente del Inca near what was at that time the Argentine terminus of the Trans-Andean Railway.

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This, of course, has long since been completed. Holmes, with the incomparable skill for which he was so justly famous, made those quick sketches on long rolled sheets of paper, depicting a continuous panorama of the glorious scenery on both sides of the track. This sort of topographical sketching was a specialty of his and he developed it into a highly individualized art.

Holmes in 1895 wrote his classic, "Archaeological Studies Among the Ancient Cities of Yucatan." He was then Curator of Archaeology in the Field Colombian Museum in Chicago. His paper was illustrated by a great number of those same fascinating sketches. In the introduction to this book, entitled, "Voyage of the Yacht Ituna," (Chicago Museum volume 1, no. 1, Anthropological Series), the full story of this first scientific voyage which Allison made is set forth in full detail. Dr. Charles Frederick Millspauch's "Contribution to the Coastal and Plain Flora of Yucatan," published by the same museum in three parts in 1894-98 was another result of



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Allison's first essay at aiding scientific exploration. Allison often told of the satisfaction which this project gave him all the years of his life.

Later he sailed a number of times to the Mediterranean. He played a large part in the picture of the now historic archaeological adventures of David George Hogarth of Oxford and of Richard Norton, son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, both of whom were his firm friends. Work in Cyrene was only terminated when the war began between the Italians and the Turks.

Allison was enthralling when he told about his dealings and negotiations connected with the explorations and excavations of these two friends. He was indeed a real diplomat in the best sense of the word. He always pointed out the fairness and friendly dealings which he had with the Turks who may have been at times a bit dilatory, but who behaved infinitely more decently on all occasions than did the Italians for whom Allison had an unbound-

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ing scorn. I may add that from what he often told me he certainly seemed to be justified in feeling as he did.

These doings of the old Utowana, which was another schooner which succeeded the Ituna, and the services which she performed for archaeology were all carried out before my time and though I begged Allison to write her history, unfortunately he never got around to doing so before his death which came at the age of 78. He was born in Chicago on March 18, 1863, and died in New York City on March 7, 1941.

I am not sure but that there were several sailing yachts which bore the same name and I am ashamed to say I cannot recall the origin of the name, although he told me on more than one occasion.

The building of the last Utowana, however, is more easy to set forth. By great good fortune I was present on a visit on board Allison's big houseboat, also a Utowana, which at that time he had moored



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at the Brickell Dock at the mouth of the Miami River in Florida. This was in 1923. David Fairchild very kindly included me as he was going on board and as I had chanced to call on him just as he was going to make a visit to the boat.

Allison then outlined his scheme of finding a small seaworthy freight steamer and converting her over to diesel engines and equipping her as a research yacht especially for the transportation to this country of living plant material. He and David talked of going to the East Indies and to West Africa and, naturally, I listened spellbound. I little suspected at that time, nor dreamt then that the days would ever come when I would make not one but a number of voyages on this friendly vessel. The building of this the last Utowana and the history of the early years of her work for the U. S. Department of Agriculture have been set forth most delightfully by David Fairchild in his books, "Exploring for Plants," (Macmillan, N. Y., 1930), and "The World was My Garden" (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1938).

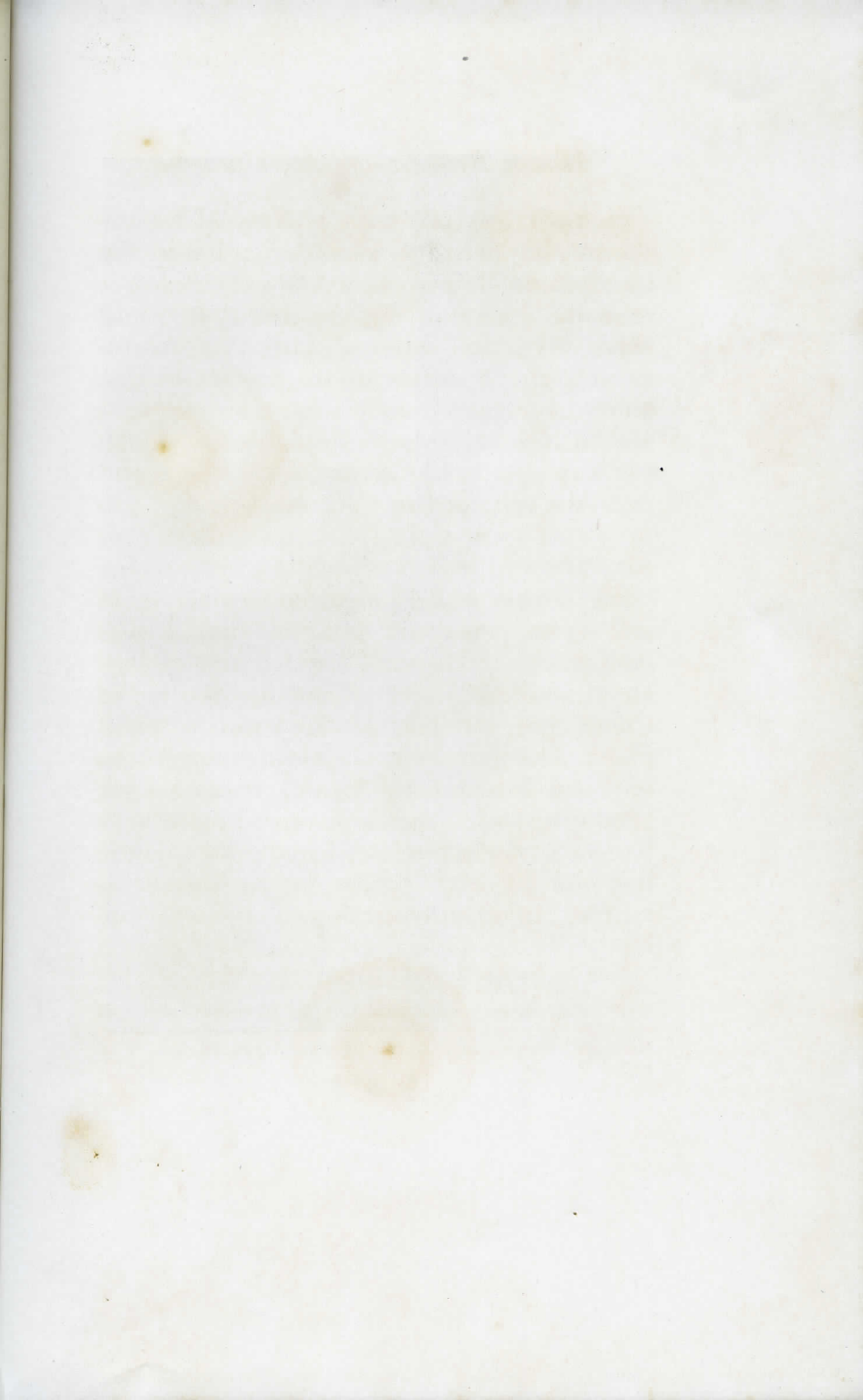
## *Allison Armour and the Utowana*

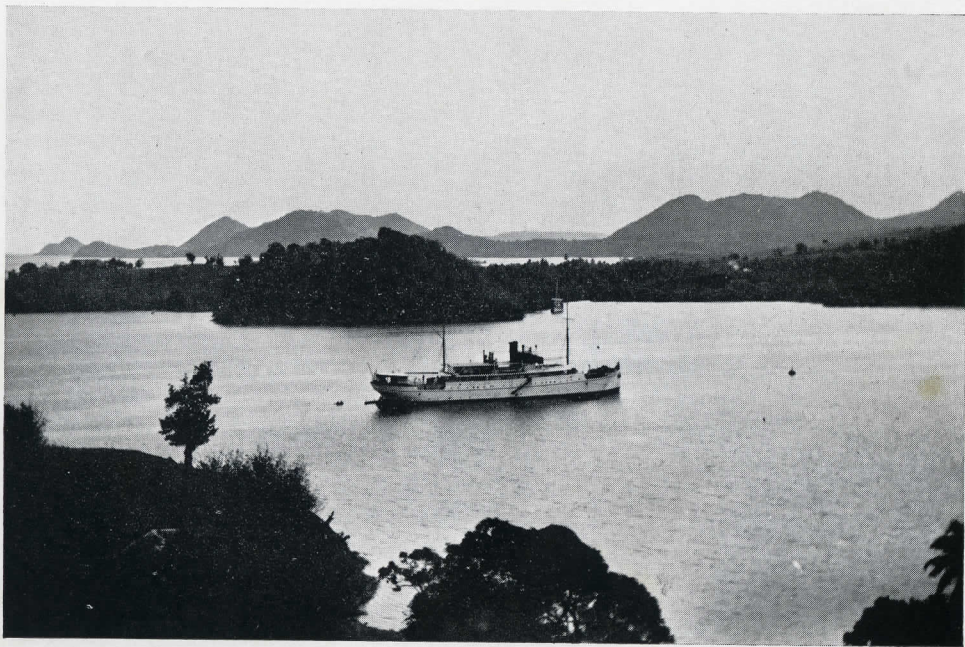
In 1928, Allison, with a party of friends aboard, happened to be at Cristobal in the Canal Zone. They planned to sail eastward, principally to show his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Whitehouse<sup>1</sup>, the beauties of Cartagena in Colombia, but the Utowana was under-engined, and with her bluff bows she could not punch her way against the strong trade winds and back she returned to Cristobal.

Then Allison and I chanced to meet again and I happened to mention that I was bound for the Harvard Garden at Soledad. He characteristically offered to take me to Cienfuegos, our port on the south coast of Cuba. The journey was a most tempestuous one and I had little chance really to get acquainted with the ship, since I am a very bad sailor; nevertheless, I instantly saw the possibilities of the yacht for zoological, as well as botanical collecting.

<sup>1</sup> The late Francis M. Whitehouse, who married Allison's sister Mary, as well as his old friend, Jordan Lawrence Mott, were so often guests on the Utowana that to avoid repetition I shall take their charming company for granted. Mr. Mott actually died on board at Nelson's Harbor in the Bahamas, 7 Jan. 1931.







(Utowana in Port Castries Harbor, St. Lucia. From *Naturalist at Large*,  
Little, Brown and Co.)



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The Utowana looked like just what she was, a small tramp steamer, as unyachtlike as could possibly be. Workmanlike looking she certainly was but not beautiful. She was converted at Gothenborg, Sweden, her home port, from steam to diesel but she was under-engined. This was the only out about the vessel. She could only do ten knots, unless she had a heavy current directly behind her, and with head winds and the tide against her she often made no more than six or seven. She drew ten feet of water, was 210 feet long and displaced about 1600 tons. Up on the main deck was a big comfortable, roomy lounge forward and an airy, cool, dining salon aft. Below there were nine very spacious cabins with baths, and aft, looking out to what was the old cargo well, was the laboratory, thoroughly equipped for all sorts of scientific work. She was the last word in luxury in the sense that she was roomy and well furnished but there was nothing elaborate or gaudy about her equipment. She was built for work and not play. She carried a motorcar below decks which could be hoisted out through the old cargo hatch, either forward or aft,

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and let down upon a dock with only a few moments delay. As a means of collecting she was just about perfect although, of course, there were many localities where her depth of draught kept her from getting near shore. As her skipper Captain Williams once said to me, "She'll ride any sea just like a little duck."

My first voyage in the Utowana commenced at Nassau on the 15th of January, 1929. This enterprise was not to be strictly either botanical or zoological. Our mutual friend, Charles Francis Adams, then Secretary of the Navy, was anxious to obtain certain confidential information concerning some of the Lesser Antilles. Therefore Lieutenant, now Captain, E. E. Duval, U. S. N., was our shipmate as well as Allison's old friends Mr. and Mrs. Duer Irving, and Allison Armour, his nephew. We sailed first to Havana and thence eastward along the northern coast of Cuba to Puerto Banes in the Province of Oriente. On eastward we passed that conspicuous mountain called El Yunque de Baracoa, so



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well named the Anvil, and then on by Cape Maisi, the eastern tip of the Island. This we sailed past on a day of glassy calm, with those extraordinary elevated coastal terraces clearly to be seen. Thence we crossed to Port au Prince, Haiti.

We tried to land, en route, on Navassa Island, where I wanted to do a little collecting, but this was impossible on account of a heavy sea coming up. So, after a few days at Port au Prince, we cruised on eastward to the lovely island of Beata, off the south coast of Hispaniola, and so on to San Domingo City.

Our visit to Port au Prince was one of a considerable number made during the next few years. These visits took place during the days when the marines were in control of the country. Both Allison and I had a number of good friends among the officers of the Corps. They vied with one another to make each trip more delightful than the one before. But the impression that will stand out as long as I live will be the long lines of women, bearing incredible burdens

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on their heads, pad-padding along the dusty roads on their way to market. They came from unbelievable distances and look forward to much visiting and chaffering after reaching their destination. Should the opportunity present itself to sell their wares enroute they invariably refuse to do so because they look forward so avidly to a bout of barter in the great city. Port au Prince itself is hot and dusty. Embowered it surely is in lovely vegetation and it has one great advantage over any town in Cuba because one can jump into a motorcar and, driving through charming Petionville, keep on winding upward and upward until Kenscoff is reached at an altitude of over 4600 feet in less than two hours. Here it is always delightfully cool, for Port au Prince is breathless and is so surrounded by hills that it doesn't get much breeze. I often lay awake at night to hear the deep throbbing of the drums on the hillsides. They speak a various language. Beaten with many extraordinarily complicated rhythms they tell many tales, but usually instead of sounding calls to voodoo worship, as most visitors imagine, they are much more likely to be



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summoning the neighbors together for a dance.

Visits to Saba, St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Marie Galante, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Cariatou, Grenada, Tabago, Trinidad, followed, then La Guaira and Puerto Cabello in Venezuela, Curacao, Santa Marta, and Cartagena in Colombia, Colon in the Canal Zone, Port Limon in Costa Rica, Tela, Honduras, and Cienfuegos, Cuba, where we fetched up on the 15th of April. The collections from the West Indies in the Museum of Comparative Zoology are extraordinarily rich and varied, so that in many localities there was nothing especially for me to do but to see the sights. This always gave me the greatest possible enjoyment. Next to vigorous collecting in a new locality, nothing is so interesting to the naturalist as the opportunity to see those places from which he has studied material gathered by other collectors. That was the case with all these islands in the Lesser Antilles, which I myself had never visited before.

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From Beata Island, however, we had no material whatsoever in the Agassiz Museum so that everything which we got there was new to us, and we made a fine haul, too, all pure gold. This is one of those islands where one of those great and strange looking rhinoceros iguanas once abounded. The big, bulky lizards crept about the high limestone hills not far inland from the beach. Harmless and inoffensive nevertheless they look like fearsome dinosaurs on a miniature scale. Each about three feet long and weighing perhaps fifteen or more pounds they walk slowly about browsing on buds and leaves and before scuttling away with surprising alacrity when they are approached, they first stare at the intruder and bob their heads up and down in a singularly truculent way. This might be a bit disconcerting to one unfamiliar with the ways of lizards in general and iguanas in particular. We preserved several. I am glad we did, for observations made during this visit, and subsequent ones as well, forced the conclusion that they belong to a doomed race. No young individuals were to be found and tracks in the sand showed that feral cats,



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escaped from the abandoned camps of fishermen, who go to Beata to dry fish or catch turtles, were responsible. I may add that the fishing off the west coast of the island near our anchorage was splendid.

After leaving Beata nothing very startling happened, from the Museum's point of view, until we reached Guadeloupe. Although to see the peculiar *Anolis* lizard of Saba in life was very reassuring, I had sturdily held out for its distinctness on the basis of coloration, which I will confess fades considerably after preservation. The critter in life, however, fully justifies the assertion which I had made. It is a most astonishingly distinct little lizard, spotted quite like a leopard and as strongly marked. No other member of the genus sports quite this type of coloration.

At Point au Pitre, Guadeloupe, there had been a hurricane of first magnitude not long before we reached the town, and the local museum, which had been named for old



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l'Herminier, the French naturalist who worked so long to make known the fauna of this Island, we found to be without a roof.

Pathetic efforts were being made to dry out the mounted birds and other objects with a view to re-installing them. I spotted three mounted specimens of the burrowing owl which had been named *Speotyto guadeloupensis*, and this I knew to be extinct. These little birds, although they were named as having come from Guadeloupe, were named under a misapprehension, for in reality they came from Marie Galante. This is a flat sandy island not far southward and one which is a natural habitat for burrowing owls. Allison joined me in subscribing a considerable sum of money toward the repair of the roof of the museum, and we brought two of the burrowing owls to Cambridge. One of them I subsequently used for an advantageous exchange with Lord Rothschild at Tring in England.

Marie Galante, like all of these Antillean Islands, supports one or more peculiar species of the so-called American "chamele-

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ons," Lizards of the enormous genus *Anolis*. The one found here is a very distinct form, conspicuously different from any other of the great tribe. It is larger than most of its relatives, the males being nearly a foot long with great bony rugose heads. They are quite gaudily colored in shades of green and yellow. We found them surprisingly abundant, almost always climbing about high up on the trunks of coconut palms. The types were in the Agassiz Museum and had been collected by Samuel Garman while he was in the West Indies on the *Blake* in 1879, with Alexander Agassiz. Our series of the specimens originally taken was somewhat depleted. A number of museums had sought examples of this most peculiar creature, which is naturally hard to get because Marie Galante is but seldom visited. I took the opportunity to lay in a fresh supply.

At Dominica I spent my time in the Botanical Garden. I had been given, before leaving the United States, a very considerable list of species, seeds of which were desired by the Plant Introduction Service



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of our Department of Agriculture. It turned out that most of these seeds could be supplied from the Botanical Garden at Roseau. There, as a matter of fact, I found some English scientists of my acquaintance in residence and the visit to Dominica, which I expected to be rather commonplace, turned out to be one of the highlights of the whole trip.

At Trinidad I looked up an old correspondent, Mr. Frederick Urich. He was kind enough to fulfill an ambition of many years standing and he took me to see a guacharo cave. There are several of these caves scattered about Trinidad and on the mainland of South America. In these the curious so-called oil birds, representatives of a family, well set off all by itself and not very distantly related to the owls, nest in crevices of the rocks, in deep, dark, stinking caverns. Naturalists from the time of Humboldt to Theodore Roosevelt have written excellent accounts of their visits to places inhabited by these strange noisy birds and the curious reader will have no



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difficulty in satisfying any curiosity he may have concerning my visit.

Then came Venezuela. Some work on the machinery of the yacht required that several days be spent in La Guaira and I went to Caracas, where finding that my old friend Herbert Stabler's family was in the United States, I moved into his house with him. He had been in Caracas for years and knew everyone. I had some pleasant visits with Dr. Pittier, a botanist whom I had long desired to meet. With Herbert, I made a visit to General Gomez's zoo at Maracai, concerning which I told the story in my "Naturalist at Large."

At Santa Marta I met my young colleague, Philip Darlington, who was working on an insect pest, being then loaned to the United Fruit Company, and on one unbelievably hot and dusty afternoon I drove with Allison to see the house where Bolivar died at San Pedro Alejandrino, only a few miles inland from the port. As was invari-

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ably the case, the officials of the United Fruit Company helped us to see everything that could possibly be arranged within the duration of our visit. As we had in Cambridge many collections from the general vicinity of Santa Marta, I naturally wished to see as many types of the local environment as possible. This was kindly arranged by using motor cars running over the network of tracks which connected the Company's plantations.

The same sort of thing happened on this, as well as many previous and subsequent visits to Costa Rica and Honduras, where I always got in some collecting as well. A stop at Ruatan Island brought to bag a long series of a new *Anolis* lizard which I named *Anolis allisoni*, while a visit to Swan Island, also off Honduras, was quite uneventful.

We had spent two days in the Canal Zone, just long enough for me to make a visit to the Barro Colorado Island laboratory and write its annual report. Then finally at Cienfuegos in Cuba I left the yacht and passed several weeks at Soledad before returning to Cambridge.



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I will simply outline now our several subsequent journeys and say a word concerning the highlights of each trip.

On January 27, 1931, Rosamond, Mary B., and I joined Allison in Miami bound for Nassau. There we met two botanists also joining the yacht from the United States Department of Agriculture, who became very warm and dear friends. One was James Kempton, now Chief Agricultural Advisor to the Government of Venezuela, and the other was the late Guy Collins.

On leaving Nassau that January morning of 1931, we sailed directly to Guantanamo Bay where we purchased fuel oil, from the Naval Stores. Our doing this was authorized by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, then Secretary of the Navy. Charlie Adams appreciated greatly what Allison was doing constantly for the Department of Agriculture and what he had done for the Department of the Navy. This visit gave me a chance to see another wonderful bay, one of the most perfect examples of those drowned valleys producing bottle-necked harbors, of which I have told elsewhere.

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The region surrounding the Naval Station is quite unlike any other part of Cuba and very much more like the country which one sees in the dry parts of Mexico or in Arizona. I had visited Guantanamo City, years before, with Doctor de la Torre when we were guests of his nephew, and my old friend, Charlie Ramsden at his "vivienda" when he was Administrator of the San Carlos Sugar Estate. From San Carlos we had made collecting trips into the Yateras Mountains, lying north of the Guantanamo Basin. The forest vegetation of this part of Cuba was the most luxuriant which I have ever seen on the Island. Of course I have not been there for many years and much of it may now be cut down. But the contrast of this region with the vicinity of the Naval Station which is, as the crow flies, only a short distance away, was quite unbelievable and seeing it was a great privilege and unique in my experience.

Another bottle-neck harbor to which we made a short visit on another trip was Puerto Banes. This is indeed a little gem of



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a bay. The channel giving entrance is deep and free of all obstructions and is very narrow. The high rocky walls on each side are so near at hand, as the ship enters, that the proverbial biscuit could be tossed to either side. Banes is a United Fruit Company port. My friend John Mitchell was in charge there at the time of our visit and I was anxious to see the hospital as well as to see him. This again gave me a chance to look about over a part of the island with which I was wholly unfamiliar.

Our next stop was another visit to Soledad which gave me a chance to show off the Garden again. Collins and Kempton were keen to see the place which Mary B. had not seen either. As usual Allison enjoyed the Garden and our visit offered an opportunity for a number of plantation folk to visit on board, even though the usually hectic grinding season at the mill was in full swing.

Now we cruised across to Central America stopping at Swan Island where Ros con-

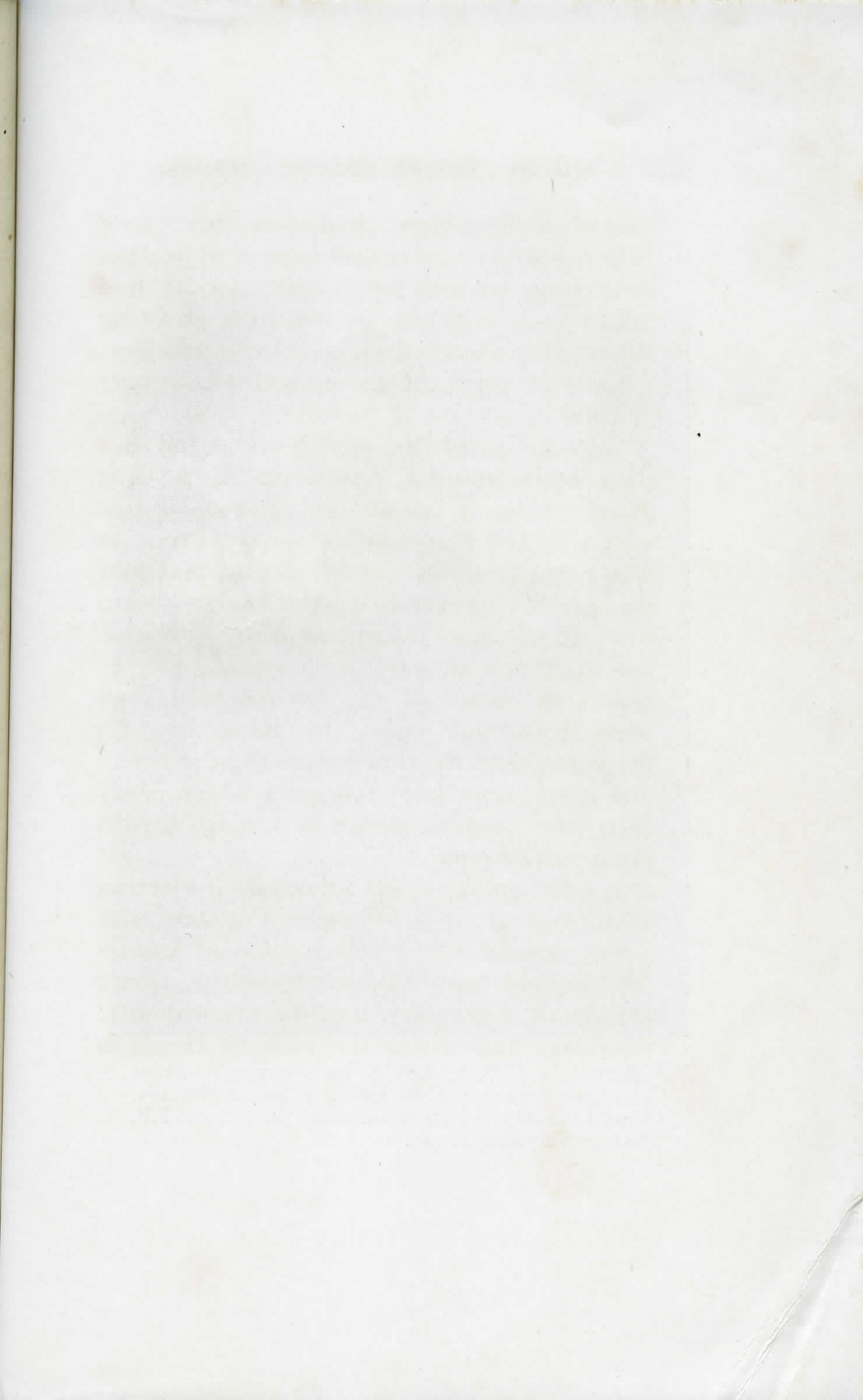
### *Allison Armour and the Utowana*

nected with a large cluster of tiny "seed ticks" and as a consequence spent some days scratching with every justification. I had better luck and put in my time shooting some white crowned pigeons for our larder. They were certainly most excellent to meet at table.

An account of this voyage appeared in a dear little volume, based on Mary B.'s diaries. This I edited and published privately at the Harvard University Press. It was turned out in a charming format and was called "Leaves from My Diary." I am sorry to say it is now out of print. I do wish this were not the case, for I know perfectly well that many of my friends who read these lines would enjoy the chance to get a copy and read for themselves the delightful and most informative narrative which Mary B. wrote. I read it over now and again with great refreshment.

It tells, among many tales, of our meeting with Wilson and Dorothy Popenoe and going through the lovely garden at Lantilla, inland from Tela in Honduras, where the Fruit Company has its experimental plantings and where the view of the high







Right to left: A. V. A., J. H. K. HUMPHREYS, Assistant Chief Quartermaster of the Canal, J. EDGAR HIGGINS, Director Plant Introduction Garden at Summit and T.B. The tree is a young durian.



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jungle-clad hills surrounding the Lancetilla Valley are thrilling and fascinating to a person who loves this sort of scenery as much as I do. Of course, the chance to see Dorothy then was a joy, and later we spent some days in Guatemala City with more real enjoyment for we went with her to see the progress of "The House at Antigua," made famous by Louis Adamic's book.

Mary tells of the gay time we had in the Canal Zone, both going and coming, for fortunately for us, though rather ensaddening to Allison, the yacht needed some repairs. These took a long time to make, as forgings had to be made, and the Panama Canal shops at this time were particularly busy. Our friend, General Preston Brown, was in command of the Military Department of the Canal Zone, and we moved up to his house, for he was alone at the time and wanted company, though we greatly missed the company of his wife, also an old friend. Here Ros and Mary had their first chance in the air. Johnny Sessums, now Colonel John Sessums, General Brown's

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flying aide, was a most expert aviator and the chance to see the Atlantic and Pacific oceans at one and the same time cannot but etch deeply in one's memory, as I am sure it is in that of Ros and Mary B. It was a grand visit. As usual, I took the occasion to visit Barro Colorado Island, indeed we all did several times, and to write the annual report, which was sent to the National Research Council in Washington. A mere list of the places where we stopped along the coast of Central America and Mexico would be tiresome.

Once we left the yacht at Catuco on the Gulf of Fonseca in El Salvador. Wilson Popenoe came down from the Capital to meet us and spend the night on board. Early the next day, accompanied by an aide of the President of the Republic, we took a track car and went up to the City of San Salvador, where we spent several days, bringing from Lancetilla to the Department of Agriculture of the Republic of El Salvador, the first mangosteen trees ever to reach that country. Motoring down, after a visit



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of several days, to La Libertad, we joined the yacht. Then ensued a rare phenomenon, a heavy fog on the Pacific coast of Central America, so that we had trouble locating the port of San José, Guatemala. We finally landed, having found the long wharf jutting out from the mangroves, in time to get the train to Guatemala City. Here we had that delightful visit before rejoining the yacht at San José.

At La Libertad, and entering and leaving San José, all hands had the thrill of being hoisted in or out of the big landing barges in a "boatswain's chair," which services ships on this coast where there are no protected harbors and where the long, heavy rollers of the Pacific pile on shore for most of the year. Up the coast we saw the magnificent coquito palm groves at Manzanillo. We fished in the superb Bay of Mazatlan and finally cruised north to Guaymas and crossed over to Lower California, entering the ship at the Port of La Paz.

Would that I might be given the power to describe the arresting beauty which one

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meets cruising along the coast of Lower California! I could write pages on the bizarre and picturesque xerophytic vegetation. The birds, so many that were unfamiliar to us Easterners, ranging from the lovely quail, the amusing roadrunners, to the incredible swarms of Xantus's murrelets, which look like tiny auks. The flocks of these little divers look like nothing in the world but great black blankets spread out on the sparkling waves. I never saw birds that swarm in such closely compacted masses. The bare desert hills are polychrome to an astonishing degree. They are lit up by the sun in the morning, shaded by the clouds that pass over through the daytime and turn deep purple as the sun sets—a never-ending kaleidoscope.

For me, the reptiles naturally were of the highest interest. The innumerable islands along the eastern coast of the peninsula have species peculiar to each one of them. We shall never forget Carmen Island and its extraordinary salt producing lake, Espiritu Santo Island, Isla Partida, San Francisco Island, San Marcos, and a host of others.



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I quote here from "Leaves from My Diary," page 87, which gives an idea of the way this country impressed my daughter Mary.

"The scenery along the coast and on the island looks very much as I expect the Grand Canyon of the Colorado looks, bleak, rocky and tinged with every color from light yellow to deep purple. The sea along the beaches varies in color from soft emerald green to deep azure blue. There is a most peculiar vegetation on shore—cacti of many species and low scrubby spiny bushes are the only plants you see unless you hunt hard for others.

"Shortly after lunch, we sailed for Salinas Bay, Carmen Island, where we arrived at about 5 o'clock. Salinas Bay is so named because of the salt lake about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile inland. The salt works here have been worked since 1840. They now belong to an English company, and are in charge of a Frenchman called M. Milhe, who has been here for 26 years. We went ashore and walked to the lake. Around the edge, the salt looked just like ice. Hugh drifts 8 or 10 feet high were piled on one side together in

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bags already packed in cars of the little railway that runs from the lake to the wharf. I can best describe the pond as a skating pond with salt ice, some open water in it, and salt like snow round the edge. M. Milhe told us that once the salt was harvested, it took 25 days for a new crop to form."

A few days later she wrote concerning Puerto Escondido which was well named, "The Hidden Harbor," for it was difficult indeed to find: "The scenery was by far the most beautiful we've seen at all. Jagged, lofty peaks surrounded the bay, and the sunset colors were unusually lovely. The sky behind the mountains was the color of a mother-of-pearl shell, and the colors were reflected on the glassy surface of the bay. Two Indians in a tiny dugout about the size of a cockleshell, came out and paddled round the yacht and we gave them some fish and hooks at which they were much pleased.

"We sailed shortly after sunset and as we left the bay, we saw the mist rising and gradually enveloping the mountains. Twi-



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light deepened into darkness, and the moon rose, making a broad silver patch on the water. It was cool on deck, and we sat indoors all evening after our work in the laboratory was finished. We unlatched the saloon table so it could swing when we went to bed but that was unnecessary tonight as the sea is absolutely calm."

Mary might have added that the fishing here was so good that it cannot be described. It was impossible to drop anything in the way of a lure overboard without instantly catching a fish.

I can close my eyes and see myself now, sitting on a rock beside Rosamond and Mary B. It was at Agua Grande on Carmen Island, where we rested a little while in the shade after a search for wild cotton plants. A tiny snake crawled out from under the rock we were perched upon and right at my feet. I could hardly believe my eyes, for it was something which I had long hoped to see in life. We sailed on northward as far as Santa Rosalia, and Ros and I still often recall the music of a bugle played by a Mexican soldier in the old fort overlooking the town. He was by all odds the best

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bugler we have ever heard anywhere. This visit to Lower California was the highlight of all our experiences on board the Utowana.

The return to the Canal Zone was uneventful. We left Guaymas on the evening of April 7, 1931 and at noon April 20 were tied up at the Fruit Company wharf at Puerto Armuelles.

"This morning was hot as usual. The sea was calm, and when I came upstairs at 10, we were passing the coast of Costa Rica. It was hilly and covered with green, luxuriant forest. It certainly is a striking contrast with the Mexican coast which was baked and parched, a region of real desert with only occasional rains. We had a rain storm this morning early, as the rainy season is just about beginning.

"We came into Puerto Armuelles about noon and tied up at the United Fruit Company pier. Daddy's friend, Mr. Blair, came on board for lunch, and shortly after took us for a ride up the line on an open track car. We went through dense jungle, I think the finest we have ever seen anywhere, part



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of the way. The trees were covered with a tangled mass of creepers, some in flower. Occasionally we passed trees covered with spikes of yellow blossoms. At other times we saw trees with a blue-flowered vine (Petrea) creeping over them. Several had oropendula nests hanging like woven witch balls from their branches and one tree we passed was a mass of white flowers. We saw a great many little green parrots flying round, also some beautiful scarlet rumped tanagers. . . . After going through the jungle, the track went through banana groves, where the plants grew so close to the track that they all but brushed us when we passed. About four o'clock, the sky began to get black and threatening and we turned back. When we came into town, Mr. Blair accepted the Skipper's invitation to accompany us to Panama and he and Daddy went to his house to pack. . . . Mother and I returned on board, I carrying an ink bottle with a green snake in it, and Mother with two umbrellas and two raincoats over her arm. We found Mr. Mott sitting on deck, where there was a very slight breeze, and the three of us had iced tea together.

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"Shortly after we'd come aboard, we heard the dog barking excitedly on the dock, and, looking out, saw a man walking up the gangway with a large live iguana in each hand. . . . After dinner we sat outside for a time and then played cards. I went out in the bow to see the stars (the Southern Cross, Orion's belt, the Big Dipper, etc., etc.) and incidentally looked over to see the phosphorescence, which wasn't especially exciting, but rather brighter than lately.

Tuesday, April 21, 1931. "We had a calm, uneventful day today until 3 this afternoon when the wind shifted, and by dinner time it was quite rough. We had iguana stew, by the way, and after so hearty a dish as that, the pitching motion was not welcomed!"

This serves to show that we were nothing if not exploring gastronomically speaking. Allison and I had often enjoyed iguana stew before elsewhere but I think this was Rosamond's and Mary B.'s first experience. It is as good as terrapin which it most resembles for all reptile meat tastes very good and all species are much alike in flavor.

A week was spent in the zone again enjoy-



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ing being under the hospitable roof of General Brown and finally on April 29 we set sail for Miami. I left the ship there and Ros and Mary B. went north with Allison to New London.

On February 16, 1933, James C. Greenway, Jr., David Fairchild, and I joined Allison in Nassau to visit some of the southern Bahamas, Haiti, Jamaica, and the Canal Zone, visiting the islands of St. Andrews, Old Providence, the Island of Grand Cayman, to wind me up at Soledad, in Cuba. This was a wholly charming voyage. Most of the time the weather was ideal and as most of the localities we visited were remote and little known to naturalists, our booty was a rich one.

The yacht had been to Guantanamo Bay before our arrival and had filled up there with fuel oil. Our first stop was at San Salvador. Father Dennis Parnell, a most charming Dominican priest, was in charge of the little mission church not far from the spot where Columbus made his first landfall. He showed us the way to the Victoria

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Hills where the last little remnant of woodland exists where the few surviving pairs of Nye's woodpecker are to be found. We made a great collection of land shells here and at Fortune and Crooked Island, both of which were visited again subsequently. We got more new lizards and more new shells at the Island of Mariguana.

We sailed on to East Plana Cay, not inhabited by a single soul and one of the most enchanting little vales of Paradise to be seen in all of this part of the world. Our object in going to East Plana was to look for *Geocapromys ingrahami*, a funny little guinea pig like rodent found nowhere else in the world. It was unrepresented in the museum and we wanted a series, especially did we wish skeletal material. It was lucky indeed that we got our series, for, just as I suspected might happen, on our next voyage we found remains representing extinct forms of this same genus in the shape of fossils found while digging in the floors of caves on others of the Bahamas Island. Our fresh skeletons made comparisons possible.



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We ran across to Port au Prince, Haiti, where Allison's nephew Norman was then the American Minister and, as neither he nor his sweet wife Myra were at all well, we took them over to Jamaica to see a well known medical specialist.

From Jamaica we visted the Island of Old Providence. Its hillsides of bullhorn acacias swarming with stinging ants make getting about this island most unpleasant. Then we went south to St. Andrews where Jim, among other things, collected a new bird.

We were most kindly received by the Colombian Intendente, for these two islands remote as they are, belong to the Republic of Colombia. On to the Canal Zone for a week at Barro Colorado Island from March 17 to March 26, offered a chance to write the everlasting annual report and to plan for repairs and structural changes in the buildings.

Early on the morning of the 29th of March we dropped anchor in the open roadstead of Georgetown, Grand Cayman, where I spent a day collecting land shells to

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good advantage. On April 3 I left the yacht at Cienfuegos and David and James, with Allison, returned to Nassau where they arrived April 10. Thus ended a voyage conspicuous for good weather, the usual good fellowship, and daily thanksgiving by my shamelessly worldly self for the delicious cuisine for which the yacht was famed. I am ashamed to say I began to gain weight badly during this voyage, a fact which was ultimately to bring about much grief and hardship.

On February 1, 1934, James and Helen Greenway and I met together in Miami to join the Utorwana in Nassau, sailing on the 7th for Bannermantown on the Island of Eleuthera. There began a series of most successful excursions. Helen collected butterflies, I collected land mollusks and reptiles, and James, birds. We went on to the little uninhabited island of Conception, to Nelson's Harbor in Rum Cay, then to Cockburntown on San Salvador, or Watling's Island, as it is now most often called. We spent three days at Clarence Harbor on



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Long Island and two days at South Point, also on Long Island, securing great store of insects and land mollusks.

On to Matthewstown, Great Inagua, where we spent several days. James, young and nimble as he was, swam and waded ashore from the yacht's launch to Sheep Cay just off shore from the main island. He found snakes, among them a new boa, still existing which no doubt once occurred on Inagua itself. Now that island is so completely overrun with feral dogs and cats that the extermination of the two new species he found still to exist on the Cay is not really surprising.

We made memorable trips to see the flamingoes in the great salt lake in Great Inagua and generally had a lovely time. We moved on to Mariguana, Crooked Island, the Mira Por Vos Cays and Fish Cay near Watling's Island, and in most of these places where there were natives, they turned out to be keen collectors and we got enormous amounts of material. Birds, iguanas, and other lizards, butterflies, and land

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snails, fell to our "bow and spear" in quantities. At Landrail Point, Crooked Island, we again visited the cave where the year before David took that arresting picture of Jim and myself which was used on the cover for "Naturalist at Large." This time there were no owls therein.

A short call at Hawks Nest on Cat Island was not very eventful. This island is difficult to visit on anything but a very shallow draught vessel. The Utowana drew ten feet and we had to lie far off shore, so we up anchored and left for Nassau and reached there on the 9th of March.

Now, to our great regret, Jim and Helen Greenway had to return to Boston. They had been not only most charming companions but extremely efficient collectors. Doctor Froelich, Rainey, of the Peabody Museum at Yale, joined the ship, as well as Rosamond, and our daughters, Julia and Louisa. My daughters are not interested in collecting in any form and neither they nor their mother are really comfortable and happy in hot weather, but in spite of all



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this, I know that the ensuing voyage remains for them a pleasant memory. I surely hope so for certainly it was a great source of joy to me to have them on board. Allison was a perfect host, ever thoughtful and considerate, so that to see the joy which pleasure manifested by his guests gave him was delightful from every point of view.

Leaving Nassau we sailed north to Grand Bahama and then southward to re-visit Cockburntown and Father Dennis Parnell. We anchored once more for a visit to Great Inagua, to show the girls the flamingoes, the herds of wild jackasses and horses, which made a ride in the one old ramshackle truck which there was then on the Island an experience quite like taking a motor trip in Central Africa.

Our first port in Haiti was Cape Haitian, where Mr. and Mrs. Corey Woods overwhelmed us with their hospitality. They were old residents, he serving at once as

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American Consular Agent and also buying log wood for shipment to one of the dye works in the States.

With him and his wife we cruised to Port de Paix and to Isle Tortue, once famed as the haunt of the buccaneers. Here the people were most industrious collectors and we got an unbelievable number of snakes, several of which were new. We returned the Woods to their home at the Cape and then sailed on to Samana Bay in San Domingo.

This Gulf is an enchanting body of water, quite indescribable. I hinted at something of its loveliness in "Naturalist at Large." The north side of the great arm of the sea which runs from east to west into San Domingo is hilly, wooded, and scattered with small plantations. Here are situated the towns of Samana and Sanchez. At the head of the Bay the Yaqui River enters. There was a freshet at the time of our visit and a great flood of very muddy fresh water was pouring in and fanning out into the pellucid blue of the ocean waters of the Gulf. To this day the scene is clear. A great company of enormous Devilfish or Whiprays cruised back and forth hour after hour along the



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zone where the fresh water mingled with the salt. What they were doing or upon what they were feeding, if feeding they were, I have no idea. There they were, flapping their great wings like birds flying under water, each one far larger than the top of a grand piano. This was indeed a most interesting sight.

The southern side of the Bay is studded with tiny rocky islets with steep, cliffy sides, which are undercut by the sea and in which there are many caves, some occupied in prehistoric time, and many of them still inhabited today by fisherfolk. Among these little islands, dripping with begonias and terrestrial orchids of many sorts and with tiny spindly but very tall palms, we had several fruitful excursions in the launch of which the yacht carried two. We finally sailed forth from the great Bay with sincere regret and anchored off Saona Island near the southeastern shore of San Domingo on April 9.

Here I took that beautiful *Ameiva* lizard, which I described in "Naturalist at Large" and which was named *Ameiva rosamondae*. Our next stop was at San Domingo City,

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now temporarily renamed Ciudad Trujillo by the pro tem dictator of the Dominican Republic. The splendid old cathedral, the old fort and houses, some of them built by members of the immediate family of Columbus himself, we found thrilling to visit and made mental note of the fact that some day this city will surely be a tourist Mecca of the first order.

Our next stop was another visit to Beata Island, where I much wanted to make another search to see if any but adult iguanas could be found. We hunted for young individuals once more in vain and found the population of adults grown smaller. The day after sailing from Beata, we reached Isle Vache off the south coast of Haiti. Here the natives again outdid themselves and the number of reptiles secured during the couple of days we spent in a pretty anchorage between Isle Vache and the mainland was most satisfying.

We then passed on to Anse à Galet, on



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the Isle of La Gonave, where, we had stopped before and left containers and alcohol with the hope that the local parish priest, a white Frenchman, would get his flock to collect for us. We returned, anchored, and Rosamond and I waded ashore over the muddy beach knee-deep in water. We then plodded our weary way up the unbelievably hot and sandy trail to the little town, which is about a mile from the shore. On our way up the hill and about halfway from the ocean to the church, we passed a most arresting red flowering shrub. It was not in seed and the cuttings we took did not strike, but some day someone will return to La Gonave and introduce one of the most beautiful flowering plants of the world, one which I have not the slightest doubt will grow freely in southern Florida. I suspect it is a *Sabinia*, but it seemed to me to have larger flowers and to be more brilliantly colored than the Bois Immortelle (*Sabinia cardinalis*) which one sees in the woods on Dominica, and which we have growing well in the garden at Soledad.

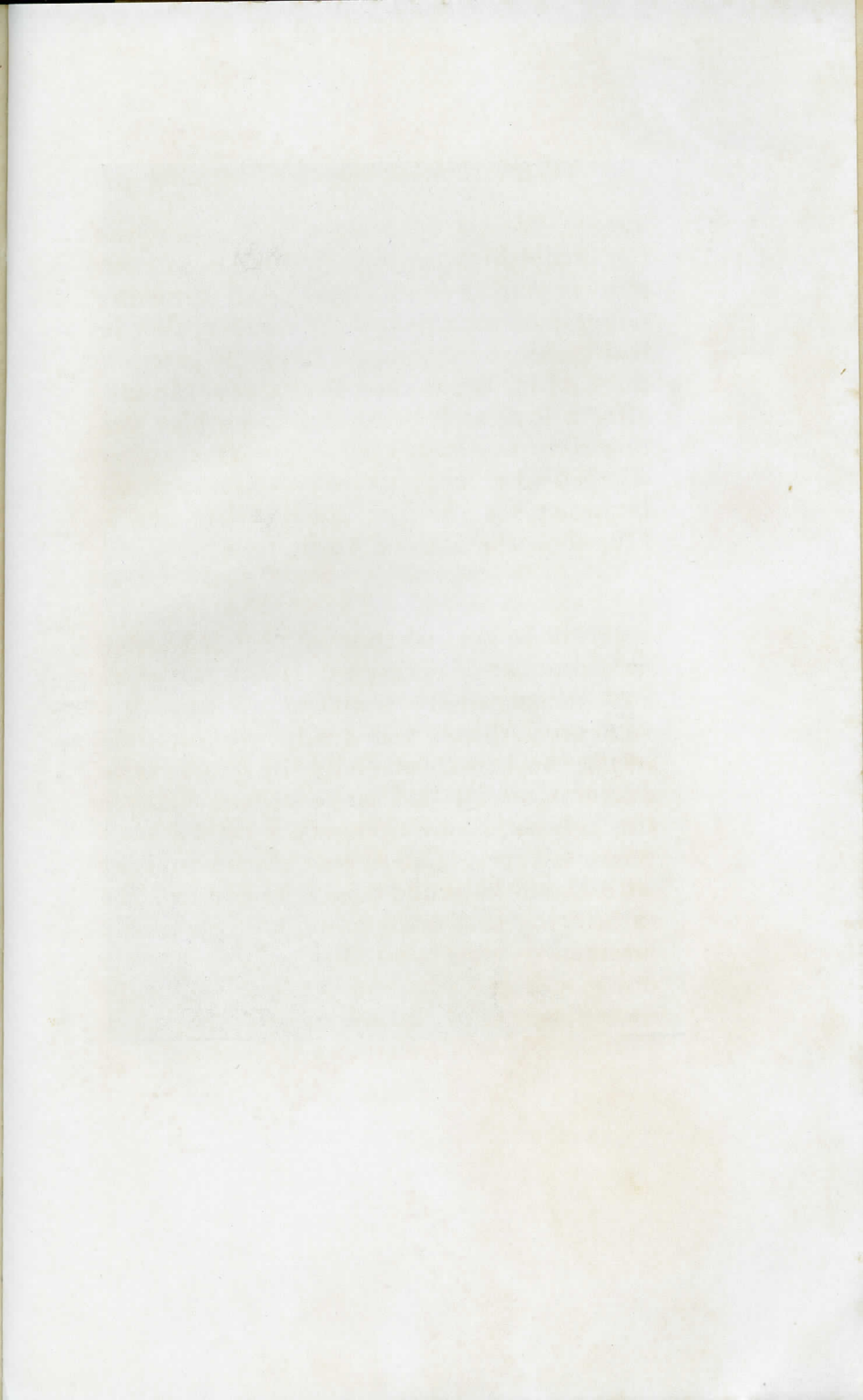
To make a long story short, we found our two covered buckets of alcohol full of

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lizards. We sat for a while on the porch of the pitiful little rectory, conversing in our pretty poor French, and with difficulty reimbursed the priest for the money that he had dispensed among his flock for catching the lizards. We walked back down the hill, after a long and wonderful day which neither Rosamond nor I will ever forget. I then climbed the long gangway on board the Utowana for the last time. I left her in Miami on the 20th of April, 1934.

It will be noticed that we visited Soledad on a number of occasions. This was not by any means wholly a matter of my convenience. Allison was really interested in seeing the growth made by the many introductions which had come to the Garden through some one or another of the Utowana voyages. The West African journey with David Fairchild especially had resulted in bringing in a great number of extremely interesting trees and shrubs. These were doing well in Cuba and growing fast while their successful establishment in south Florida was still a little problematical.







Allison and David beside the Aroid *Cyrtospermum senegalense*, which the Utowana brought back from West Africa. Scene in the Garden at Soledad.



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Allison Armour was a dyed-in-the-wool son of Eli Yale, "loyal to the marrow of his bone," as the Cubans say. He was not by nature predisposed to a burning whole-hearted admiration of all things Harvardian. Nevertheless his affection for Soledad grew to be very sincere and abiding. While he never made any contributions in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word to the Soledad Garden, nevertheless through his good offices we probably received more rare and interesting material from him than from any other single source.

By his kind permission I am reproducing the frontispiece in David's "Exploring for Plants." This is a splendid photograph of Allison and David standing side by side in the Garden looking at one of the most interesting introductions which they made. It is a great aroid, *Cyrtospermum senagalensis*, which David brought from the Futa Djalón Mountains inland from Konakry in French Guinea. These interested me particularly because no sooner had their great flower spaths appeared than they were seized upon as refuges to be used by day for one of our native Cuban tree frogs

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which now can be caught there at any time.

Now, because I write more easily about things than I do about people, I have told you a good deal of the ship and some of the voyages which she has made. I have not, however, attempted to convey an adequate impression of what sort of a man Allison Vincent Armour was. In the first place, he was over six feet tall and with wavy brown hair of which he took the best care. He was over 200 pounds in weight, and although he was formal, almost stiff, at the first impression, and he moved and met people with a stately, rather old-fashioned dignity, his dancing blue eyes at once bespoke his sense of humor. He was never a man who told a smutty story or indulged in any evidence of vulgarity. He was nevertheless one of the wittiest men that I ever knew, a born *raconteur*, with a background of travel all over the world and a marvellously retentive memory. These combined to give him a never-failing fount to draw upon.

Seeing and understanding full well the



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inherent failings of the Germans, and unfailingly loyal to America at all times, he still had a warm spot in his heart for many of his old friends, from Emperor Wilhelm II down to many much more menial folk. With all his apparent stiffness and formality, Allison had so warm a heart and such a deeply generous nature that he made friends everywhere. His apparent stiffness was really a defense reaction for Allison was essentially a shy man. I hardly know anyone who ever met him who did not at once become a friend, and these indeed were legion.

Allison was really a distinguished epicure, seriously interested in serving good food and good wine; really learned would not be an exaggeration to apply in this connection, for he read widely and was interested in the historical aspects of gastronomic enjoyment. As a host he was painstaking to a degree. I cannot see Allison putting a worm on a hook or dressing a deer, but nevertheless he took a sincere interest in the somewhat messy pastimes which were an inevitable

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concomitant of the immediate presence of naturalists, and he was as keen to provide adequate facilities for the botanists as for the zoologists, although I am entirely certain that of the many scientists he has facilitated with the use of the *Utowana*, David and Marion Fairchild were the best beloved of them all. However, he was unbelievably considerate and charming to my wife and daughters, treating them with the same consideration which I remember he displayed to the Cardinal Archbishops of Boston and New York, wintering as was their wont in Nassau, came frequently to the boat for tea or for dinner, or the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, who were among the host of other friends that he entertained in Nassau, where the yacht spent long periods of time on sundry occasions. Having said this, it is not difficult to explain why I look back on the days spent on the *Utowana* as among the most enjoyable memories of a life which has been singularly blessed with memories well worth treasuring.

I am quite overwhelmed with emotion



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and I have to master an overwhelming feeling of nostalgia which is engendered when I attempt to write about our voyages on the *Utowana*. Had Allison lived I feel that his great benefactions to science would have been inevitably in time recognized by both Yale, his Alma Mater, and Harvard. On my desk at this moment are copies of no less than twenty-two published reports based on collections made by naturalists while they were his guests on board the *Utowana*. I know that there are more, for these are a group which I assembled simply by recalling the titles and then looking them up in the Museum Library. I know that my reader will not be surprised when I declare that with an humble and grateful heart I salute, express thanks, and wish peace to the manes of Allison Vincent Armour.

After the foregoing was finished, I had the good fortune to receive letters from Allison's old friends, Marian Bell and David Fairchild. They paint such a friendly picture that it is a pleasure for me, with kind permission, to quote them.

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"The Kampong, May 16, 1945

"Dear Tom:

"The first thing that most of us think of when Allison's name is mentioned is 'What a perfect host he was!' and that really does mean a lot. He was the most considerate soul I think I ever knew, and always in such a quiet, unobtrusive way that you hardly realized what he was doing.

"I remember an excursion he planned for me in Ceylon at the very beginning of our friendship. I had been very ill and had not been outside of Kandy and Allison thought that before I left the island, I should see something of the country. So we went off on an all-day jaunt, just Allison and I. I sat over in the corner of the car, leaning on the arm on one side, while Allison on the other rolled up his overcoat into a cushion and put it under my other elbow. At first it didn't stay in place very well, but finally it did and I could sit more comfortably. Then I noticed that it was staying where it belonged because Allison was holding it there all the time. I remonstrated, of course, but as soon as I was interested in the scenery again, Allison quietly held the coat in



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position once more, and he did this for several hours.

In Naples, I remember the afternoon he invited David's scientific acquaintances from the Aquarium over to the yacht to tea. How charming he was to one quite old man, seeing that he was comfortably settled and devoting himself particularly to him. Then on the tiny Dutch Island of Saba, in the West Indies, he invited a lot of the school children aboard and gave them ice cream and cake. There wasn't any ice on Saba and they were tremendously excited. At Dominica he realized that the homesick Britishers would relish roast beef when they dined with us, and he showed that same thoughtful spirit wherever we went. He was a friendly person and liked more than anything else in the world to give people pleasure.

"He was proud of his craftsmanship—above all else how he liked to show people how to do things! When we were in Greece

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I bought a bag with a handle which he didn't think suited the material, so the next time I went ashore, I bought a better one and ripped off the bag and started to put it on the new handles. Allison watched me for a minute then said, 'This is the way you should do that,' and he began to sew it on himself. It was interesting to watch him because he had perfectly enormous hands; it didn't seem possible they could do the fine work they did. Of course, his way of sewing on the handle was entirely right, and I was very glad to finish it up his way.

"His workshop in the hold of the yacht was fitted up with every sort of gadget that he could get hold of and he was as pleased when he made a good board to make ravioli or a stand to hold our hats on the closet shelf as David was with the seeds of a new plant.

"Allison liked to see 'his ladies' well turned out—suitably dressed—and that meant, among other things, that he didn't like to see skirts blowing around on deck or worn on collecting trips in the bush. The



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year Nancy Bell and I were along in the Caribbean was the year that very gay beach pajamas were the vogue and Allison thought these were just perfect for ship-board, but he wasn't entirely satisfied about our collecting outfits until we had suitable trousers and high gaiters made at our first long stop.

"We used to smile a little at his punctiliousness in always calling immediately on the official of every island we visited in the West Indies, and this was invariably followed by an invitation to dine at Government House all dressed up in stuffy clothes. A return invitation to dinner aboard the *Utowana* then always resulted, even if perhaps it shortened a day of collecting.

"He was very reserved and hardly talked at all of any intimate details of his life. I came upon him one afternoon when he was at the sad task of answering some of the letters of sympathy that came to him after Jordan Mott's death and he was almost

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apologetic as I saw him wipe away a tear. I don't think he ever liked to admit emotion. He seemed to me always a little bit on guard against it.

"What a host of happy memories writing this to you brings up! I'm glad David made me do it!"

David writes:

"You ask me, Tom, to write about Allison and a perfect flood of beautiful memories almost overwhelms me. So many of my ambitions were tied in with his life for so many years that to give glimpses of him is well nigh impossible. Here, however, are a few pictures that have sunk deeply into my memory.

"I first saw Allison in the large dining-room at 1331 Connecticut Avenue in Washington where he had come to one of my father-in-law, Mr. Bell's 'Wednesday Evenings.' What a stunningly handsome man he appeared then; and how fascinating his conversation, telling about his first expe-



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dition to Yucatan. He had with him Professor Holmes, the archaeologist and Millspaugh, the botanist, of the Chicago Museum. The details of that trip up the river and Millspaugh's collecting of dried specimens and the start these gave him in his botanical researches have come home to me in a most practical way; a way that dear Allison would appreciate too. For just now I have been eating a delicious fresh fruit of the 'Matasano.' *Casimiroa tetramera*, picked yesterday from a tree loaded with fruit here at the Kampong. It was Millspaugh who first described this new fruit which is now coming into its own here. How Allison would enjoy testing it and showing his friends how to eat it! He was a great gourmet and unlike many gourmets, he had a great catholicity of tastes. He would try anything which any reliable person said was good to eat. Even an armadillo was once served on the *Utowana*, one which should by rights have been preserved and sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

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"I think the second time I saw Allison was on his houseboat, another *Utowana*, docked at the Bickell Pier here in Miami. I had been asked to dinner. Evangeline Booth was a guest. When she and the others had left I tarried and he began with a question which since I answered it in the affirmative, threw us together for some of the happiest and certainly some of the most profitable years of my life.

"Allison has spent a good many years on his first *Utowana*; at Kiel and Cowes during which time he had cultivated the friendship of some of the greatest political figureheads of those days. He said he was tired of taking out pleasure parties and entertaining them although he was a past master in the art of making other people comfortable and giving them enjoyment. 'If I should get a freighter and transform her into a Collecting Boat, would you go with me hunting for plants?' was the question he propounded to which, without hesitation, I said 'Yes.'

"As described in my book 'Exploring for Plants' which I dedicated to Allison, this proposal came to be a reality and a cablegram brought the whole Fairchild family to



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Europe in 1925 and the next meeting with Allison was at Goteborg, Sweden.

"I can see him there on the deck of the old freight boat in the dry dock being transformed into another Yacht Utowana. I say see him, for I could not hear a word he yelled at me as he showed me where the laboratory and library were to be located. The riveters were at work and the din was deafening. I found him then in a very nervous condition—almost at the point of breaking down; for Allison was a man who never was content to let others do things if they were not doing them to his satisfaction. He had an inherited passion for detail.

"Marian and I had put the girls to school in Geneva and then motored to Morocco with Graham and while there Morton Wheeler joined us and on June 19th, the *Utowana* with Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Mott on board sailed into the harbour of Casablanca. She was a beautiful white boat and as we watched her approach with Allison on the bridge, I thought I had never seen so beautiful a sight. The minutest detail of the

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equipment for collecting plants had been attended to and when we scrambled up the gangway and Allison greeted us in his grand and superbly friendly way and asked 'But where is Marian.', I thought things that were quite impossible were happening about me. Marian, alas, had been called to Geneva by a daughter's illness and had flown across the Mediterranean to be with her. Allison's disappointment was real and the trial cruise of the *Utowana* had to be made without her.

"This cruise closed in Genoa. Wheeler left for America just as Mussolini had begun to have his portrait stencils put on all the public buildings in Italy. 'I tell you, David, it's eighteenth century stuff, this is. It cannot last.' Prophetic words I have always felt, pronounced when the whole world was praising Mussolini.

"Every preparation has been made for a two years' cruise to the Moluccas and we started down the coast to Naples. Then the engines blew off one of their cylinder heads and we limped into the harbour. I saw Allison in one of his periods of deepest



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disappointment the next day as he found that there was no way short of taking the yacht back to Sweden.

“Again there came into his face that look of nervousness which I had seen in Sweden but again he mastered it and met the emergency.

“The ‘Emil Kirdorf’ sails for Ceylon Friday. I have secured accommodations for Marian (who had come down from Geneva to Genoa and was with us) and Graham and you can go on ahead and we will follow.’ It was a rainy night when he took us in the launch of the *Utowana* over to the boat for Ceylon. We watched his wet raincoat and dripping hat disappear in the darkness as he returned. We felt the bitterness of his disappointment but could not help admire tremendously the calm way in which he went ahead to repair the yacht.

“Next time he comes into my album was in Ceylon when he and the Whitehouses left the *Utowana* in Aden and came to see how the Armour Expedition was getting on. Marian’s very serious illness in Kandy,

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notwithstanding, we had made considerable collections some of which are now represented by large trees and vines in the gardens here in South Florida, monuments to the Expedition. He met now for the first time my old associate Howard Dorsett and his talented son Jim who had come down from Manchuria to join us, and he took a great fancy to them both and this ripened into a mutual affection.

"In 1927, Allison invited my daughter Barbara and me to fly over from Germany to see how he had refitted the *Utowana* with new Diesel engines. He was in splendid form and his interest in Swedish 'smörgasbord' showed me more clearly how really profound was his knowledge of the various foods of Europe. Like my old friend Barbour Lothrop, he was a firm believer in the value of enlarging the menus of civilized peoples, especially that of the Americans.

"In the autumn of 1927, Allison came to Washington and I met him in the Metropolitan Club and we arranged for the cruise down the West Coast of Africa. 'I want you



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to go with me to see Professor Holmes,' he said and together we visited his old friend who had made with him the first cruise to Mexico and been a strong supporter of his great work for Archaeology in Cyrenaica, when his boat stood by while his friends were excavating on the North Coast of Africa. I shall not forget the tenderness which he exhibited during that visit for Holmes had lost one of his legs and arrived at a stage in life when less determined characters would have lain down and let time do the rest. He was still at work, indomitable spirit that he was.

"He was waving from the deck of the launch of the Governor of Gibraltar when next we saw him. The *Utowana* was waiting for the West African cruise and I got completely confused and let Marian slip away on the S. S. Conte Rosso without waving good-by to her. Still there remains that picture of Allison eager for the first real cruise in his remodelled yacht.

The West African Cruise was eminently successful.

### *Allison Armour and the Utowana*

There are those who do not appreciate the difficulties of arranging even the simplest expedition for a single day. Allison was a past master in seeing that no essential detail was overlooked.

"I might give glimpses of Allison as I recall them on the various cruises I made with him in the West Indies and through the Aegean. I will close with a photograph which I have of him on the island of Lanza-rote in the Canary Islands, the 'Cinder Pits of Hell.' The yacht was rather perilously anchored on the edge of a shelf of rock in the harbor of Arrecife. He was keen to visit the strange vineyards dug in the porous lava rock of that almost rainless island. The weather was threatening, but we made the run in an automobile and walked about the rims of the twelve foot 'craters' in the scoriae and I have photographs of Allison against the dark grey barren 'Hell' of that strange landscape. We got caught in a drift of volcanic sand for a wind storm came up suddenly and we had to push our car through it and, as we did so, we saw the yacht slowly losing its anchorage and being driven off the coast. It was a close shave,



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but we made the yacht and left that most curious of all islands, Lanzarote, behind us.

“Of Allison’s early life, I know little or nothing for he seldom spoke about it. It had been spent largely about Chicago and Lake Forest, but he was not related in any way, I believe, to the Phillip Armours.

“He was married when quite young and his wife died not many months after his marriage; while they were on the honeymoon, in Nice. Once as we drove through Nice, he remarked to me, pointing up at one of the fashionable hotels on the cliffs, ‘There is where the light of my life went out.’ He once showed me in the bedroom in his apartment in New York a very sad picture of her. Allison was the soul of courtesy towards ladies but I have always felt that the tragedy of his early marriage prevented him from ever marrying again.

“As I remarked at the beginning, I find it very difficult to give a picture of one who was so close a friend for so many years.”

